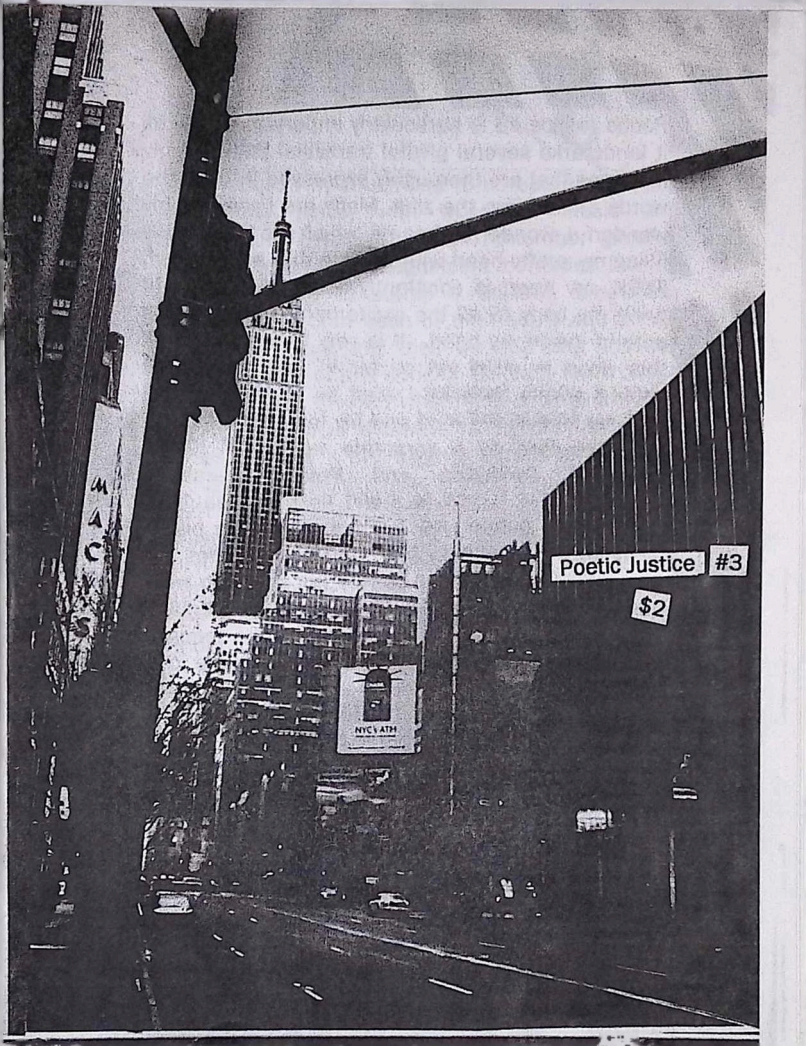
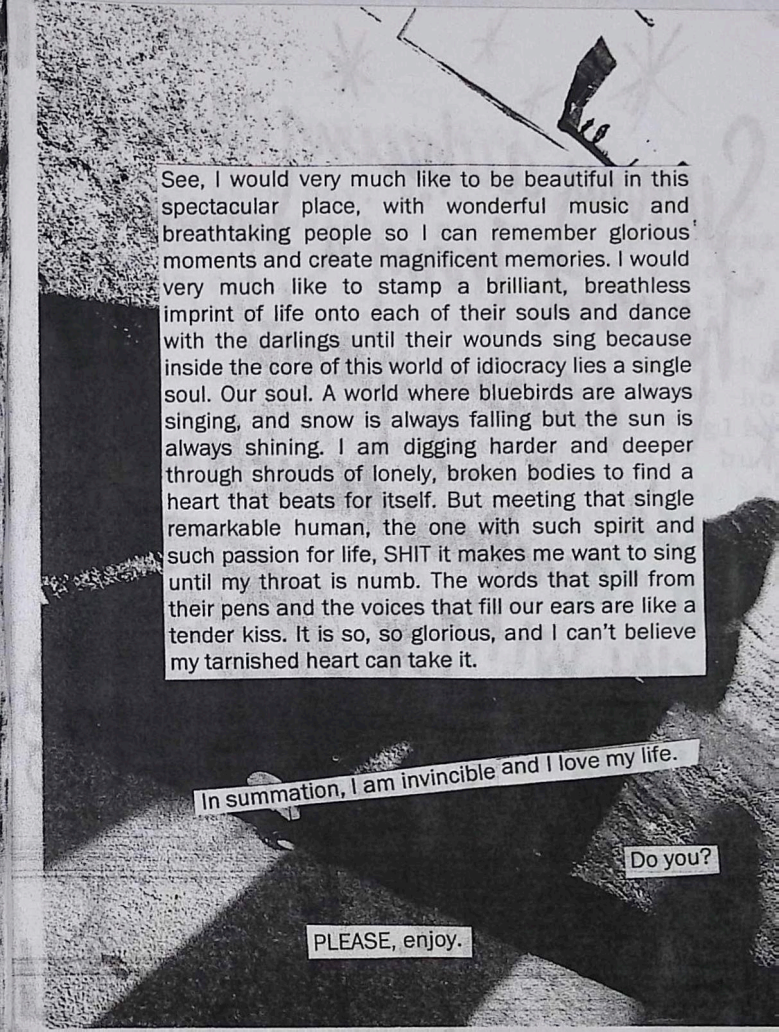

Poetic Justice #3
$2
NYC MATH

Poetic Justice #3 is particularly important to me, as it landmarks several pivotal transition points in my life, ones that are thoroughly expressed through the words etched into the zine. Many are based on my wonderful, wonderful dreams, which are incessantly filling my pretty head with images that are so vivid; FUCK, my heart is constantly aching & longing to bring my body to all the excitement that is pacing around inside my head. It is very frustrating being this close in mind yet so far in body. I've been getting angsty because I want so so badly to run with my face in the wind and my feet in the dirt but I'm consumed by a corporate world that instills mediated perfection and Botox self-esteem injections. I'm forced to stand next to "beautiful" people who cannot, nor will not, grasp the bigger picture. I'm taught that intelligence lies in memorized facts, not in beauty nor art or in what this pre-packaged, commercialized planet seems to lack. These people, whether they be the teenage children my birth certificate forces me to relate to or my prestigious mentors which I continually correctly psychoanalyze, they tell me that *I* am the failure because I have never bothered to live up to their American standard, but I KNOW that I have more heart, and more soul, and have run more beauty through my ten chubby fingertips than all of those close-minded FUCKS put together.



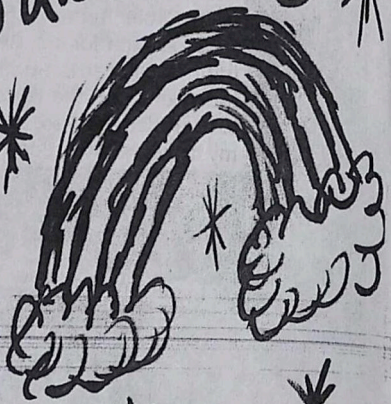
See, I would very much like to be beautiful in this spectacular place, with wonderful music and breathtaking people so I can remember glorious moments and create magnificent memories. I would very much like to stamp a brilliant, breathless imprint of life onto each of their souls and dance with the darlings until their wounds sing because inside the core of this world of idiocracy lies a single soul. Our soul. A world where bluebirds are always singing, and snow is always falling but the sun is always shining. I am digging harder and deeper through shrouds of lonely, broken bodies to find a heart that beats for itself. But meeting that single remarkable human, the one with such spirit and such passion for life, SHIT it makes me want to sing until my throat is numb. The words that spill from their pens and the voices that fill our ears are like a tender kiss. It is so, so glorious, and I can't believe my tarnished heart can take it.

In summation, I am invincible and I love my life.

Do you?

PLEASE, enjoy.

Sunny auburn cries for
a hazard from a young
creasy hand.
There's
a rainbow drenching
the sky with
brilliant color
&
lucid delight.



Recurring dream #541:

There's this boy. He's up first every morning and watches me drool open mouthed on my pillow, my boobs almost falling out of my purple camisole top and my hipbones making a V with my tummy when i turn onto my side and thr the sheets off because it's so damn ho and we cant afford A/C. He's an Englis lit major and is not very muscular but his arms are encasing when he holds me His hair is a deep auburn-brown that f falls into his eyes when he writes son I try to play guitar inhis favorite shirt, to maybe try and write as good as him, but he's just so taleted. He has so much passion; his eyes magnet e the beating of my heart into the lump in my throat. I rub my palm against his stubble when i kiss him. Mmm, his statu his smile, his scar tissue & battle wound they're just so beautiful!! We are perfect. I want to cry when i think about it.

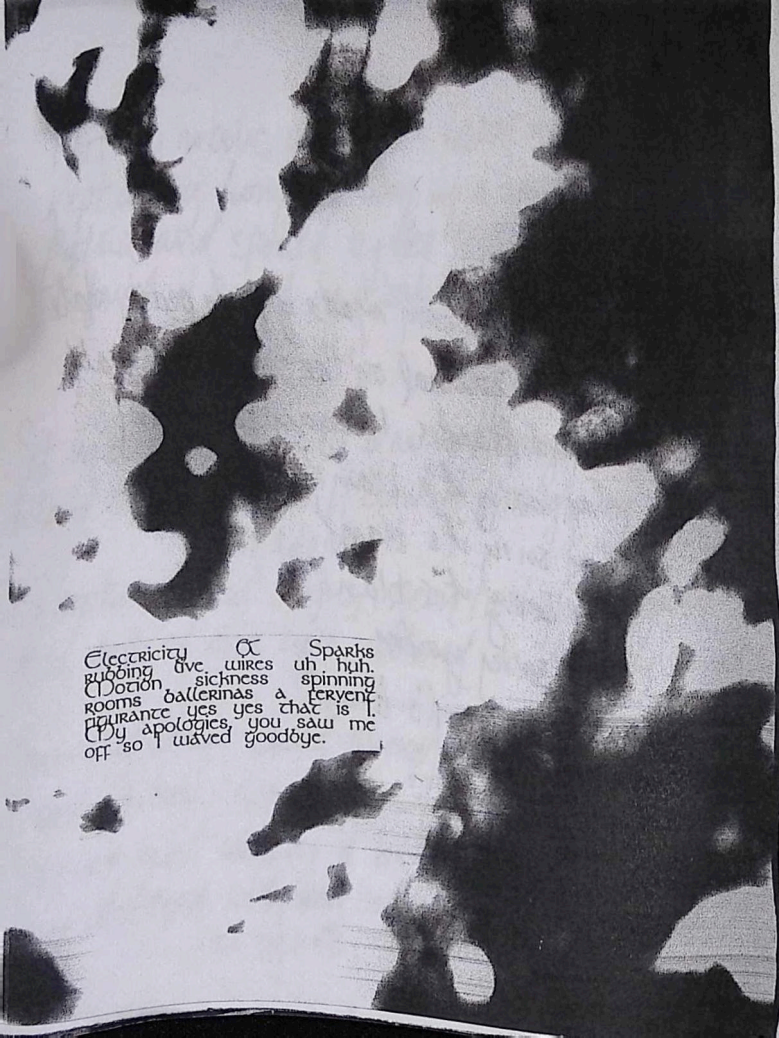
Meet my robotic petal of a dusty rose color
kept away from the sun in a musty wine cellar
putrid and spoiled by the terrible weather
I found it curled in a ball. shrinking smaller &
smaller.

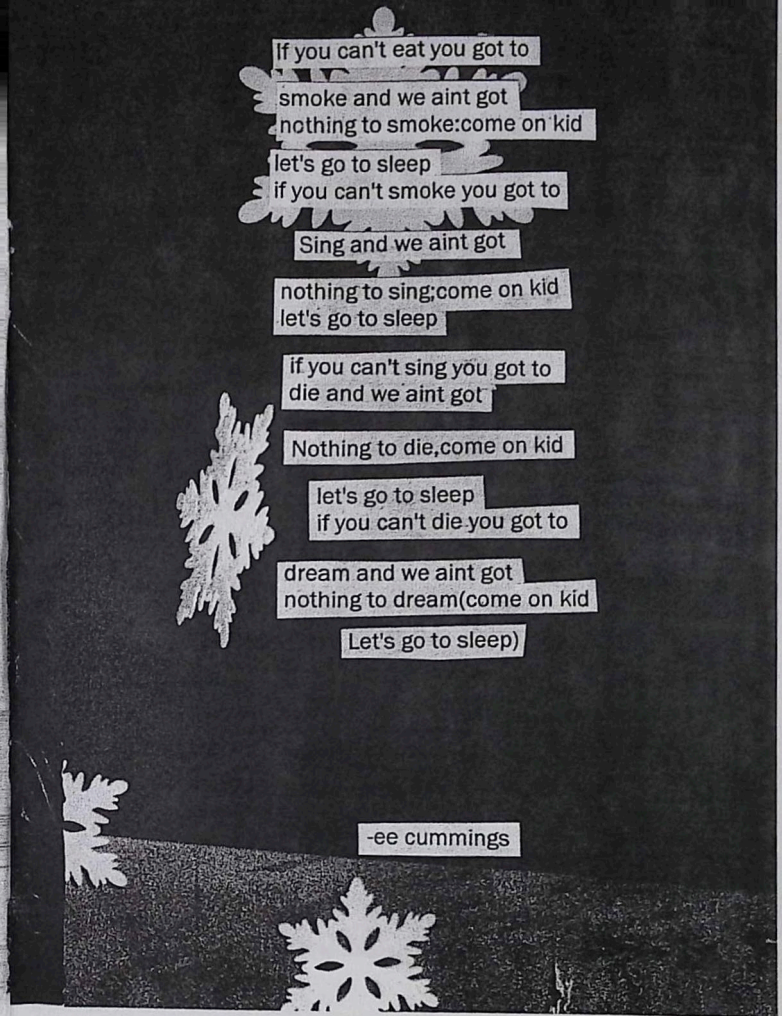
Set in an oil painted green through the meadow
I laid on my side as it crawled through my skinny
shadows.
Enraptured and starry. neon twilight began
And both of our eyes watered as it slowly snowed.

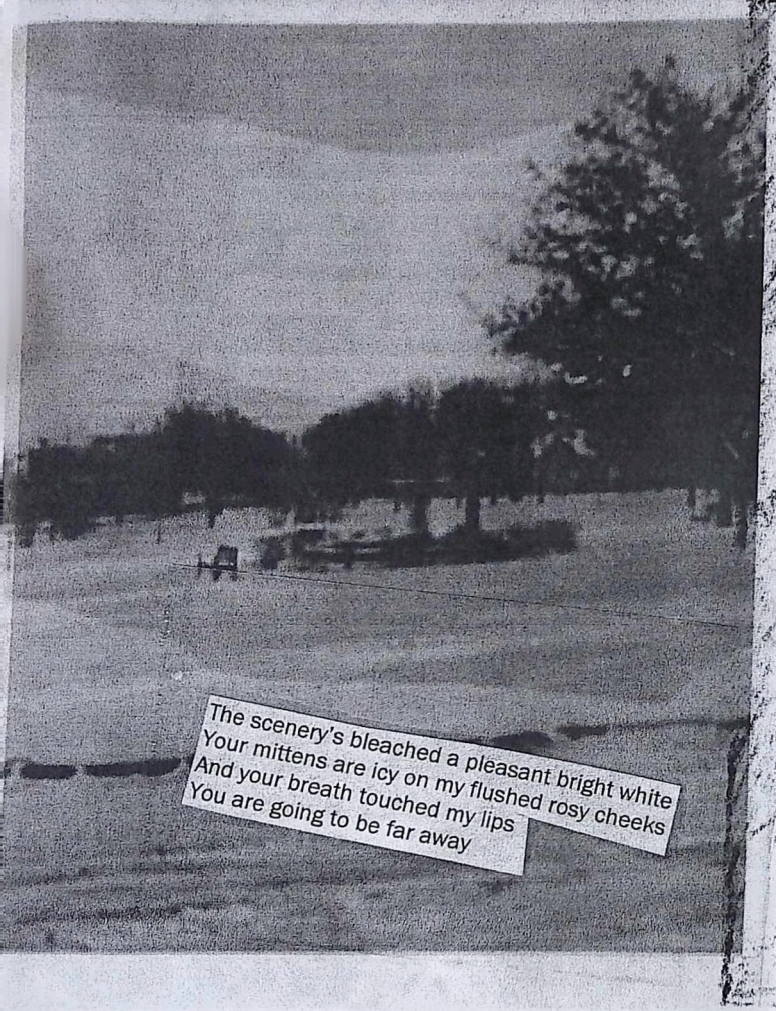
Torrential rains poured through a black & white storm
tore through the dunes while it ran to the wharf
Sopping and sobbing it began to count off
They waltzed with my body as the waves crashed
to shore.

And back in my room made of rich pearly slate
It painted a journal on the side of the wall
Flustered and frantic, I began to scrawl

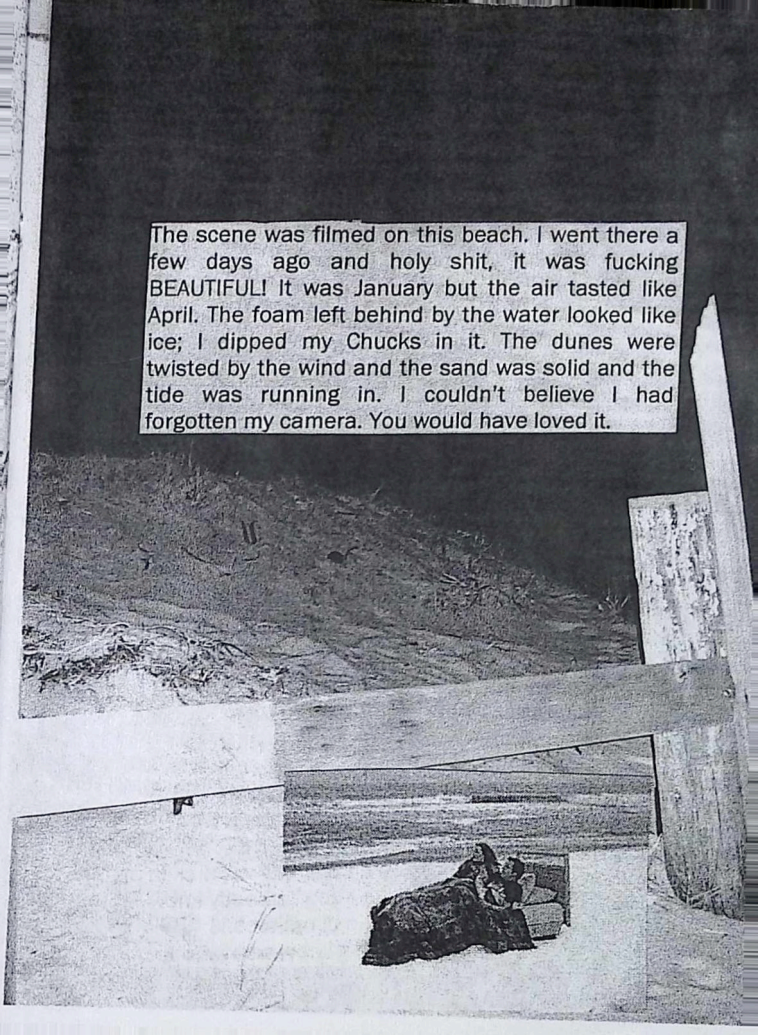
I'm sorry it's blank.
I'm sorry it's blank.
I'm sorry it's blank.
I'm sorry you're
I'm sorry it's blank.

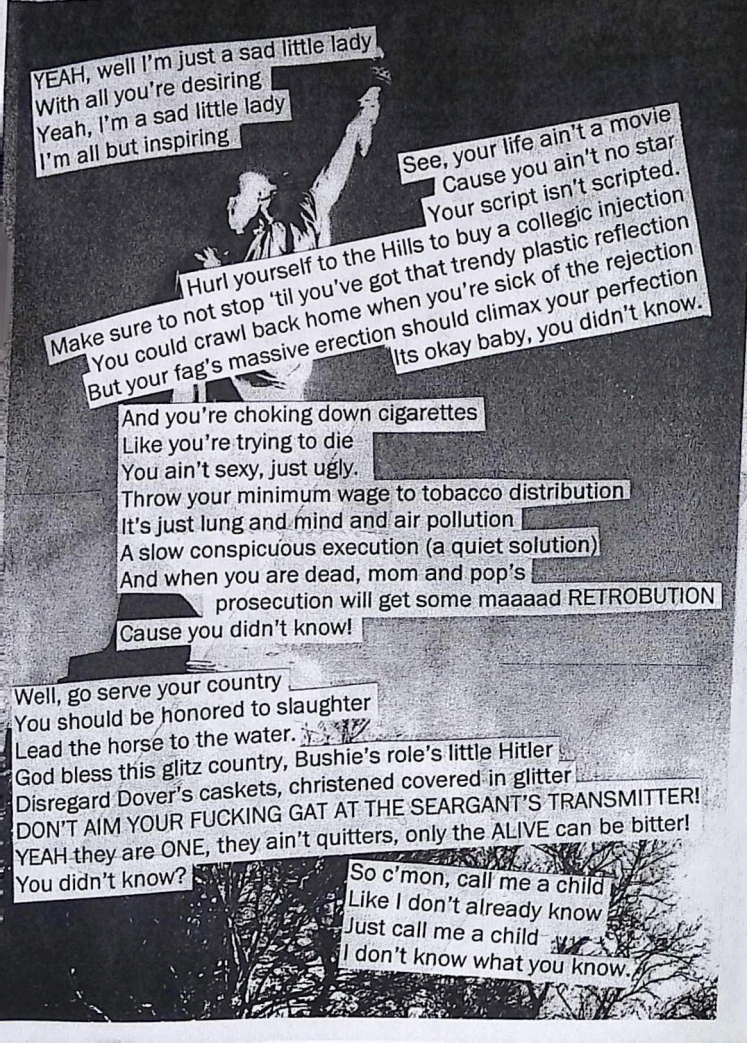

Electricity & Sparks
rubbing bve wires uh huh.
Motion sickness spinning
rooms ballerinas a feryent
figurante yes yes that is I.
My apologies, you saw me
off so I waved goodbye.

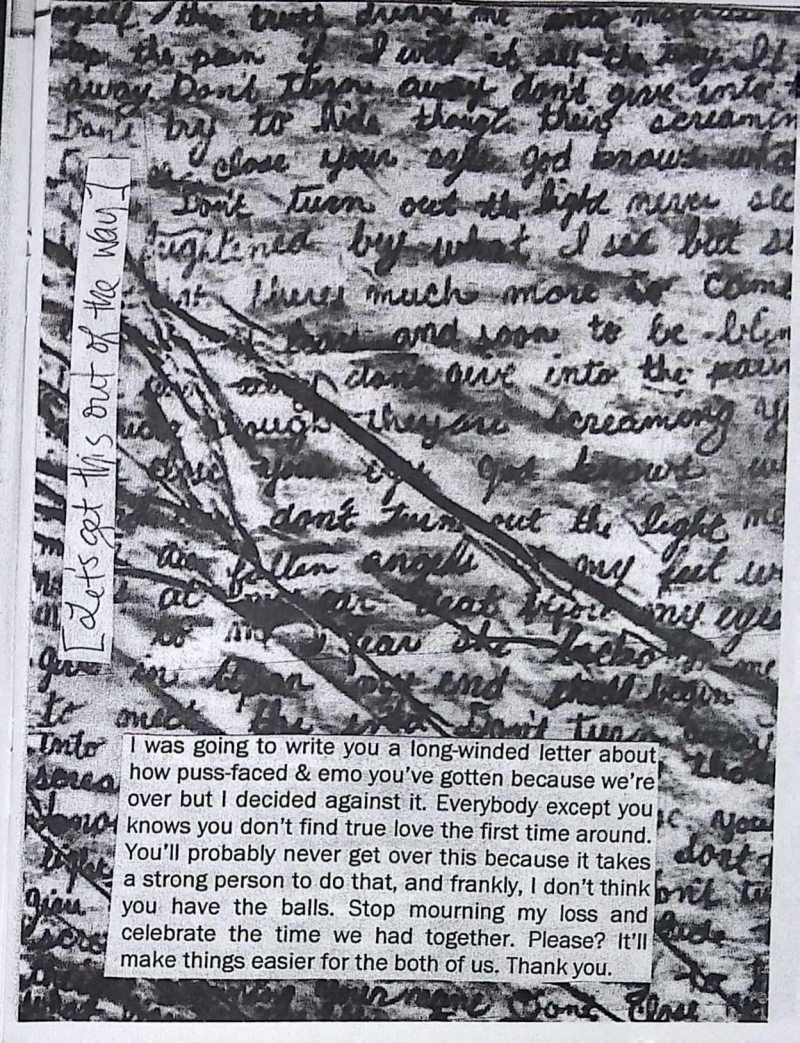

If you can't eat you got to
smoke and we aint got
nothing to smoke:come on kid
let's go to sleep
if you can't smoke you got to
Sing and we aint got
nothing to sing;come on kid
let's go to sleep
if you can't sing you got to
die and we aint got
Nothing to die,come on kid
let's go to sleep
if you can't die you got to
dream and we aint got
nothing to dream(come on kid
Let's go to sleep)
-ee cummings

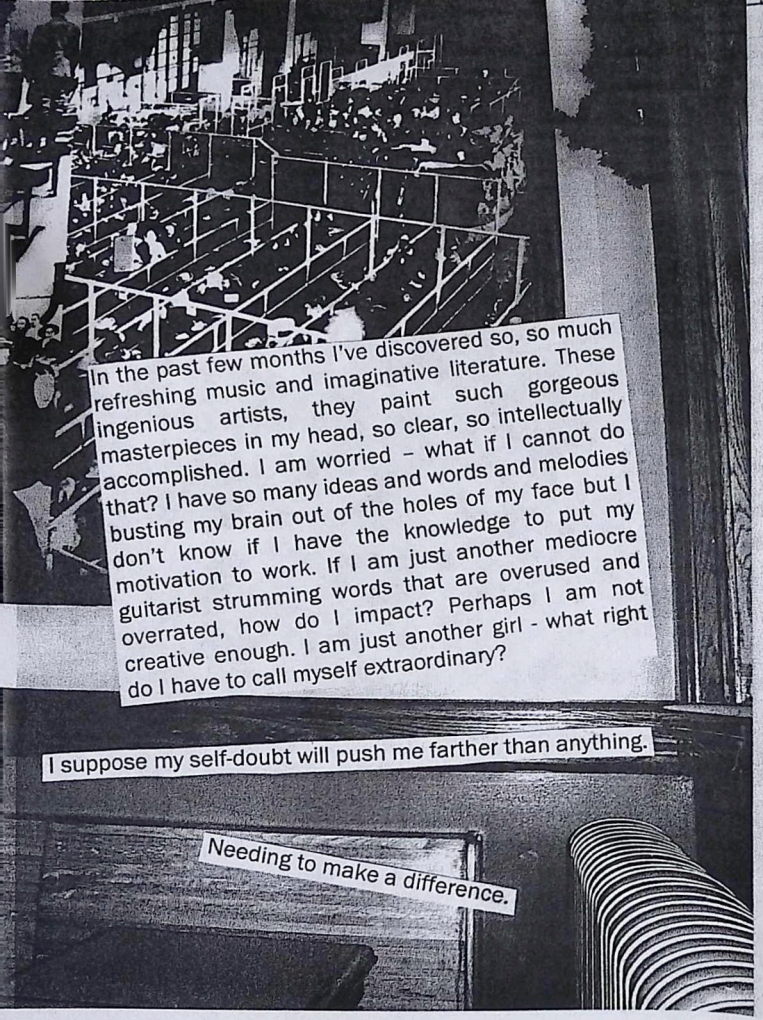

The scenery's bleached a pleasant bright white
Your mittens are icy on my flushed rosy cheeks
And your breath touched my lips
You are going to be far away

The scene was filmed on this beach. I went there a few days ago and holy shit, it was fucking BEAUTIFUL! It was January but the air tasted like April. The foam left behind by the water looked like ice; I dipped my Chucks in it. The dunes were twisted by the wind and the sand was solid and the tide was running in. I couldn't believe I had forgotten my camera. You would have loved it.




YEAH, well I'm just a sad little lady
With all you're desiring
Yeah, I'm a sad little lady
I'm all but inspiring
See, your life ain't a movie
Cause you ain't no star
Your script isn't scripted.
Its okay baby, you didn't know.
Hurl yourself to the Hills to buy a collegic injection
Make sure to not stop 'til you've got that trendy plastic reflection
You could crawl back home when you're sick of the rejection
But your fag's massive erection should climax your perfection
And you're choking down cigarettes
Like you're trying to die
You ain't sexy, just ugly.
Throw your minimum wage to tobacco distribution
It's just lung and mind and air pollution
A slow conspicuous execution (a quiet solution)
And when you are dead, mom and pop's
prosecution will get some maaaad RETROBUTION
Cause you didn't know!
Well, go serve your country
You should be honored to slaughter
Lead the horse to the water.
God bless this glitz country, Bushie's role's little Hitler
Disregard Dover's caskets, christened covered in glitter
DON'T AIM YOUR FUCKING GAT AT THE SEARGANT'S TRANSMITTER!
YEAH they are ONE, they ain't quitters, only the ALIVE can be bitter!
You didn't know?
So c'mon, call me a child
Like I don't already know
Just call me a child
I don't know what you know.

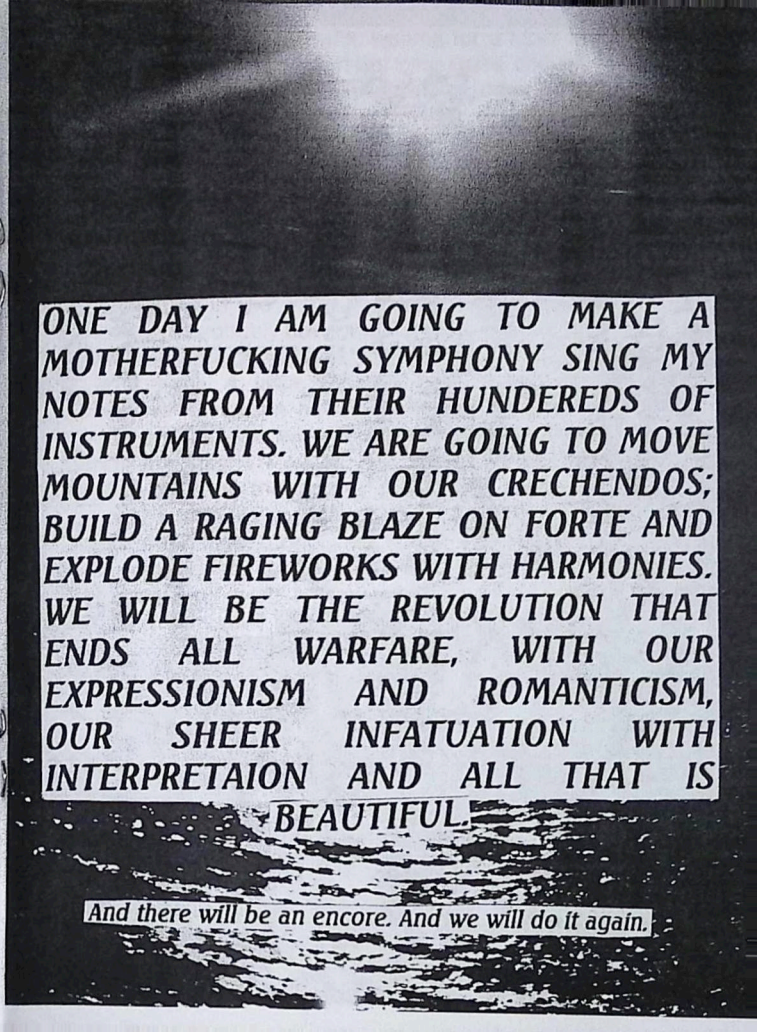

[Let's get this out of the way.]
I was going to write you a long-winded letter about how puss-faced & emo you've gotten because we're over but I decided against it. Everybody except you knows you don't find true love the first time around. You'll probably never get over this because it takes a strong person to do that, and frankly, I don't think you have the balls. Stop mourning my loss and celebrate the time we had together. Please? It'll make things easier for the both of us. Thank you.



In the past few months I've discovered so, so much refreshing music and imaginative literature. These ingenious artists, they paint such gorgeous masterpieces in my head, so clear, so intellectually accomplished. I am worried – what if I cannot do that? I have so many ideas and words and melodies busting my brain out of the holes of my face but I don't know if I have the knowledge to put my motivation to work. If I am just another mediocre guitarist strumming words that are overused and overrated, how do I impact? Perhaps I am not creative enough. I am just another girl - what right do I have to call myself extraordinary?

I suppose my self-doubt will push me farther than anything.

Needing to make a difference.


ONE DAY I AM GOING TO MAKE A MOTHERFUCKING SYMPHONY SING MY NOTES FROM THEIR HUNDEREDS OF INSTRUMENTS. WE ARE GOING TO MOVE MOUNTAINS WITH OUR CRECHENDOS; BUILD A RAGING BLAZE ON FORTE AND EXPLODE FIREWORKS WITH HARMONIES. WE WILL BE THE REVOLUTION THAT ENDS ALL WARFARE, WITH OUR EXPRESSIONISM AND ROMANTICISM, OUR SHEER INFATUATION WITH INTERPRETAION AND ALL THAT IS BEAUTIFUL.
And there will be an encore. And we will do it again.

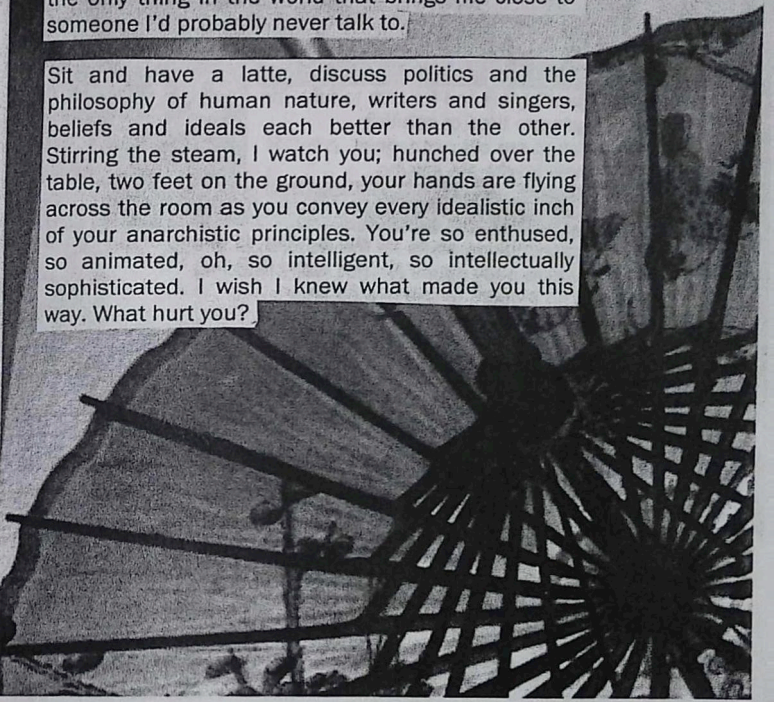
The mattress encases every one of your limbs
Morning light shapes your heart and the outline of ribs
Delicately sculpted, and quietly pumping
Forever reposing.

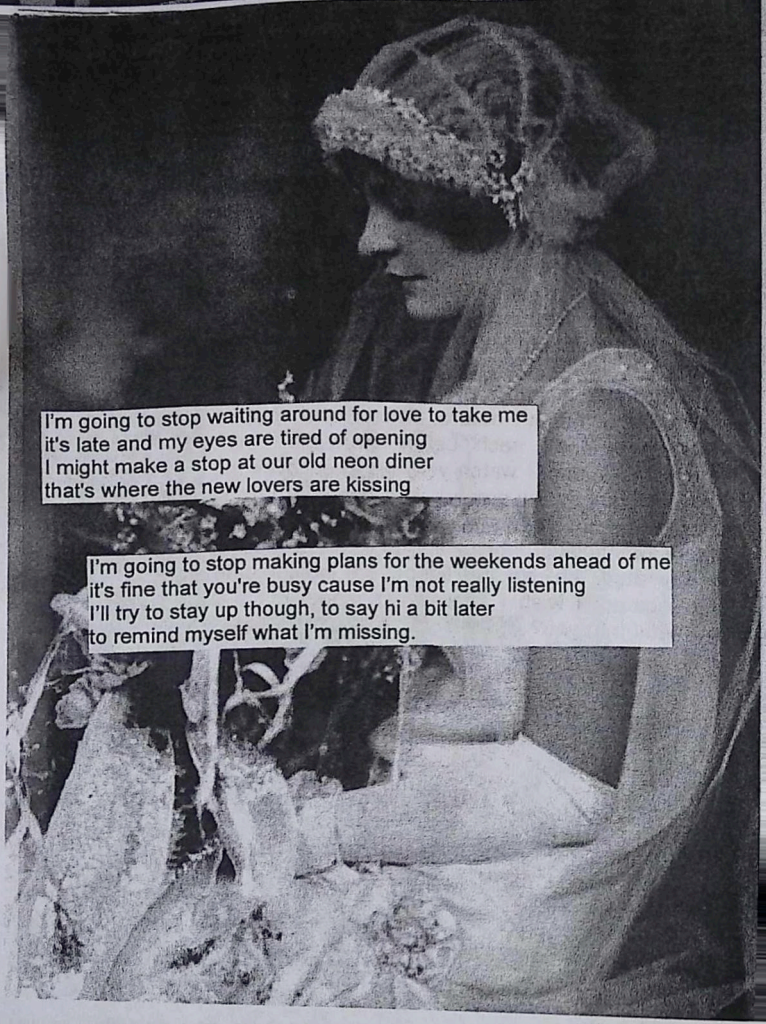
The creases and stubble scratch the silk pillowcase
Softly humming the melodies your fingers misplaced
Blooming with roses, and gloriously singing
Never a day will it stop smiling.

Every backbone in your body is a reminder of your form
The spindles stretching your skin as you take out the thorns
So brilliantly statured, so elegantly posed
So stunning up close.

I spend days soldering walls, waiting for a lover to come careening down on them. Who cares enough to break them down? My hopes are anxious for a connection, for it to be realized that my shoddy thoughts of isolation and devastation are not trite or cliché, but rather, actual feelings which I carry with unmistakable pride upon my shoulders. It is certainly intriguing how quickly I can spill my insides, as if overly prominent sexual energy makes up for the fact that we are strangers. Romance is the only thing in the world that brings me close to someone I'd probably never talk to.

Sit and have a latte, discuss politics and the philosophy of human nature, writers and singers, beliefs and ideals each better than the other. Stirring the steam, I watch you; hunched over the table, two feet on the ground, your hands are flying across the room as you convey every idealistic inch of your anarchistic principles. You're so enthused, so animated, oh, so intelligent, so intellectually sophisticated. I wish I knew what made you this way. What hurt you?




I'm going to stop waiting around for love to take me
it's late and my eyes are tired of opening
I might make a stop at our old neon diner
that's where the new lovers are kissing
I'm going to stop making plans for the weekends ahead of me
it's fine that you're busy cause I'm not really listening
I'll try to stay up though, to say hi a bit later
to remind myself what I'm missing.

-

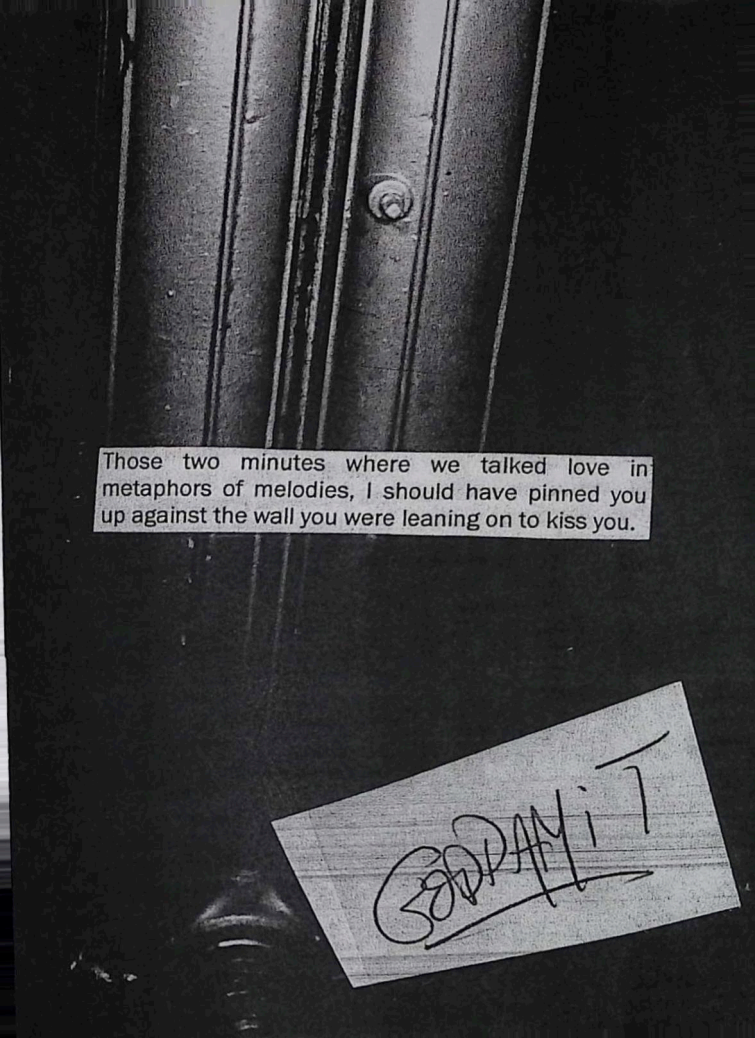
-immune to caring about hurting peopee [sanity over selflessness]
-will never settle down [constantly needs adventure]
-dreams only of another [see: when another's asleep on her shoulder]
-acknowledges the possibility of never falling in love again [once was enough]
-frustrated when others TELL her they love her [since it's never vice versa]
-hates letting them down [knows the degradation too well]
-thinks she's forgetting [she might]
-confused love with innocence [needs a new game plan]
-everything she waited for has already come and gone [came and went]

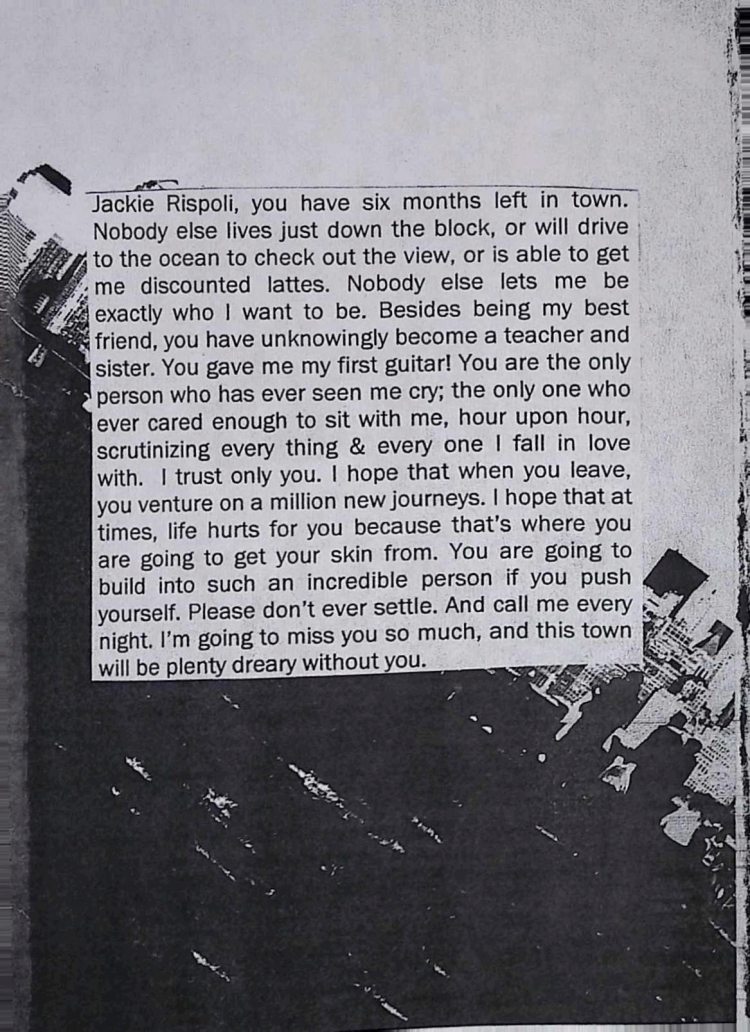
I breathlessly took my seat, and turned to face you. "How'd I do?" I asked excitedly as I fixed the hem of my dress. You just stared, mouth agape in awe. You blinked. "Can I kiss you?" you asked.
"Of course."
You smile and linger yes ! know what you want

Yes using his fucking DEPRESSION as a fucking EXCUSE how dare he it is no excuse for being miserable make yourself better stop complaining to anybody who could listen I want to rip my heart out of my head my eyes my ears my tongue out of my head Nobody will listen and nobody will care do you understand NOBODY WILL CARE THE WAY YOU WANT THEM TO SO STOP TRYING TO CHANGE THE WORLD but what else can you do right? You're getting what I want but you're so little it not fair not not fair make me good again I want this I need this need to believe and I need you but you will never understand and that is why I cannot admit I love you—I need my pride and dignity and you strip everything to logicality There is no logic in what I feel or say or do or think but what can you do I'm still alive & you

My lips pressed inches from your ear, humming Amazing Grace in the most soulful, mmm, the most mournful little melody I had ever heard. Your hand fell limp over the headboard and when it acknowledged my song, tremored and twitched. You muffled a laugh into the pillow, then sighed, and lifted your heavy head out of its slumber and tried to stifle a smile. Your fingers grazed my lips. "Mmmhhah.. Good morning, love." Good morning!

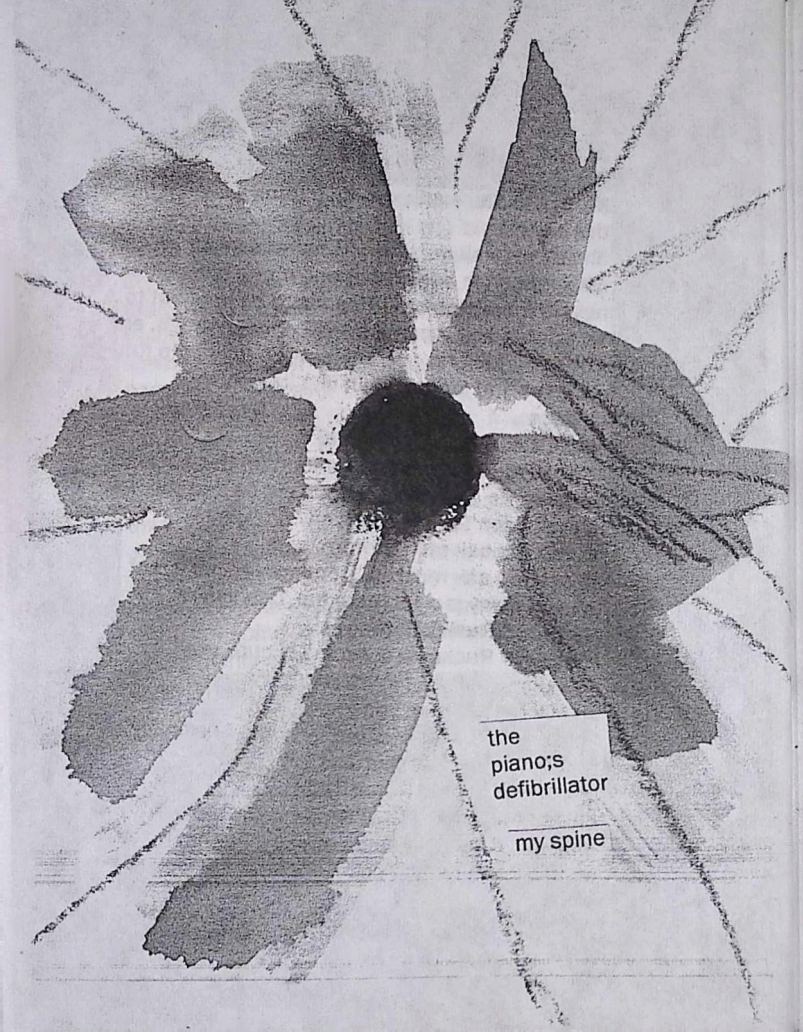
Good morning.


Those two minutes where we talked love in metaphors of melodies, I should have pinned you up against the wall you were leaning on to kiss you.
SODAFY i T



Jackie Rispoli, you have six months left in town. Nobody else lives just down the block, or will drive to the ocean to check out the view, or is able to get me discounted lattes. Nobody else lets me be exactly who I want to be. Besides being my best friend, you have unknowingly become a teacher and sister. You gave me my first guitar! You are the only person who has ever seen me cry; the only one who ever cared enough to sit with me, hour upon hour, scrutinizing every thing & every one I fall in love with. I trust only you. I hope that when you leave, you venture on a million new journeys. I hope that at times, life hurts for you because that's where you are going to get your skin from. You are going to build into such an incredible person if you push yourself. Please don't ever settle. And call me every night. I'm going to miss you so much, and this town will be plenty dreary without you.

MinDLesS RuckusS: why do u think we were put on this earth?
oh ask me ask me: there is no reason! all we can do is influence each other and make each other happy! there's no other reason to be here but to....
oh ask me ask me: but sing & dance& laugh. and when you fuck up, you cry. but you hold onto that moment and learn from it like its nobody's business.
MinDLesS RuckusS: WRONG
MinDLesS RuckusS: we were put on this earth to make more humans and then die so that the new humans don't run out of food
oh ask me ask me: mmmm, jack.
oh ask me ask me: that's one way to put it. but i think my way is a lot more fun. don't you?
MinDLesS RuckusS: fun yes
MinDLesS RuckusS: but mine is pure truth
oh ask me ask me: :-) it's not.
oh ask me ask me: you'll see.
MinDLesS RuckusS: some higher being designed that is the "use" of humans
MinDLesS RuckusS: *you'll* see
oh ask me ask me: jackie, life is beautiful & majestic & glorious and i am so glad that i was put on this earth to die because it feels so good to be alive.


the
piano;s
defibrillator
my spine

PJ#3 was created under the influences of: Imogen Heap, Azure Ray, Jon Brion, Pelican, Coldplay, Okkervil River, Lali Puna, Richard Swift, Amanda Rogers, Death Cab, The Magnetic Fields, and the great Elliott Smith.

I will trade for back issues of Punk Planet!!

Great Reads:
On The Upswing of Life, Love and Regret by Chris Gutierrez, On The Road by Jack Kerouac, Born On The Forth of July by Ron Kovic, Fifty Poems by ee cummings, Modest Stereo #3, Suburban Gothic #4, No Better Voice #25, Potato Tattoo #2, Winterspark #1, Pressed Between the Pages, Really Sharp Pencils #4, & The CIA Makes Science Fiction Unexciting #2.

THERE ARE SO MANY BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD!! I cannot wait to meet them all. Please, send me feedback via email or snail mail.

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[redacted] Bays, [redacted]
United States

February 2006

Photos taken by me, except for three which were stolen off of LJ's creative photo and found communities without permission and solely in the name of art.

You'll leave your old baggage behind.
You'll leave your old baggage behind.
You'll leave your old baggage behind.
You'll leave your old baggage behind.
You'll leave your old baggage behind.
You'll leave your old baggage behind.
You'll leave your old baggage behind.

You'll leave your old baggage behind.

PJ Sidenotes, I suppose.

「11-26 March 2006」

saturday; ten morning

Almost ecstatic to be standing next to a group of nearly-cultured adolescent hormones. Their faces are young and their songs are misinterpreted which is completely all right because they can still grow. I watch Boy sit alone; long blonde hair with sculpted stubble and angsty attitude matching moody clothing. We talk for a long time, I look into his eyes and he holds out his arms like an infant to its mother, begging for comfort and fingers to hold. I smile with him more than I have smiled with a boy in a long time.

twenty-one evening

Saddened that such a pivotal non-entity of my college transcript has come to a close. Our conductor pauses right before the third song to explain the grand turbulence he faced trying to write this blasé set of lullaby night songs; it sucks because it might just be the best damn thing he has ever created. Backstage, Boy and I continue to talk and laugh. Very timid but very thorough; I can tell he's trying hard. He is lacking confidence. When the grown ups let us leave I fumble around my

golden-trimmed wallet for a receipt to put my screen name on the back of but my pen decides not to work [friends had shoved it through a balloon]. I watch him run away. Heart deflates like said balloon. He scurries back moments later, triumphant with a pencil in hand. I beam, and if his mask wasn't on so tight he'd be showing his eagerness instead of having me interpret it. I scribble quickly and watch him carefully place it in his back pocket. He grins with perfectly placed porcelain teeth. I know he is frightened, and to not expect a message.

sunday; noon

Beautiful Man and I go for lunch and a movie.

I stumble into the restaurant twenty minutes late, hurriedly and apologetic and with way too much grace. He understands but mentions arriving a little early. We wander across town. The sky is grey and white. I just keep thinking one word, fuck, oh fuck fuck FUCK. Mmm, If awkward silences could be spun into food. No one would go hungry today. I couldn't seem to

genuinely smile; my body reeked of an uptight bitch with ideas to offer but no action to back her shit up. No, no I must not act[redacted]. We walk in the rain and I ache to lift my head to the sky and drink the water but instead I walk straight ahead with my fists stuffed in my pockets. He brought me to a wharf that I had never been to but it was in my dream once. The piers were dripping wet but I wanted to lie down next to him [take initiative] and have the water splash around us and into our faces. I wanted to take the cuff and chain off my eyelids and have him see who I am. when I. am not. Intimidated. I wanted to link elbows with him and feel AMAZING. So I did not and I leaned with my back on a ledge. He gazes into my eyes for a long, long time. My brain is stabbing the back of

my eyeballs with knives, demanding I gaze back, oh, I want to, but the blood my heart was pumping to my brain was filled with bad movie scripts and that BIG OLD FEAR OF REJECTION so I keep the mood awkward [a first of mine, I have to say] and occasionally glance pathetically over at his desperate attempts for a connection. I pretend to survey the polluted waters and muddy woodlands. He sighs and suggests going home. F. We

walk across town in silence, all the while I am fighting the team of organs thrashing against the insides of my skin. They are refusing to let me leave with the impression of being so terribly uninspiring. My mouth keeps opening but nothing comes out. I have missed another chance to escape myself.

nineteen evening

Watched myself fall to pieces through my overrated self-proclaimed foolproof prophecies. I can write write write until my fingers fall off my heart falls off but still I cannot muster up strength to throw my words up from my heart and my mouth

I love you
I am weak

oh no. Haven't cried in months and it feels awful convincing myself I'm lonely. Perhaps it is the fact that I have ruined myself; no one but I has destroyed my morale. HEY GUESS WHAT YOU CANNOT REJECT ME SO I WILL REJECT. YOU. FIRST. I know but I don't know I just want to touch you and now I cannot anywhere.

monday; six morning

In exactly five minutes a train will be taking route to Penn Station with a transfer in Jamaica. Somewhere in me is the effort to sprint to town and pay $19 for a ticket to dreaming and seeing but dreaming and seeing is not recommended between seven to three on weekdays so I respect mommy and daddy and my sexual harassment-charged principal and cry inside while I climb into the ugliest outfit I can find. I am so ugly.

eleven morning

The only way I could be less useless than sitting behind this stale plastic desk would be to not have a pulse. There's a state examination in my English class next year so in preparation I must learn to sterilize my writing. We trade essays and my classmates critique my words and try to make them uniform. Old friends encourage me to pick relationships on how fast Man, Boy, etc. can clean himself after eating me out. My friends suck each other behind the bleachers and declare it intimacy. I don't know whether to scream or cry; both are appropriate but I just hit my head against the wall.

twenty, evening

I am gritting my teeth, sweating and shaking but trying to open my arms, they're pinned to my chest with my fingers in fists and it's a good thing I can bite the tears back. I wish I couldn't take this, I wish I weren't strong enough for this, I wish you'd care enough to pry me open but this isn't even a low. It's a ditch in a mountain and the snap of an icicle but still they're both beautiful, still they both grow. If only I could tell you how sorry I am. I am too ordinary. I'm in a hole on the side of the road. Stuck with my thoughts, alone. Dirty, covered in dust. Getting old. I am tired; the fight hasn't been won.

And you with your petty THOUGHTS and WORDS AND ACTIONS I hope you choke and die because there is too much more to THIS LIFE! Do not keep me in these confines, you've got your life and I've got mine.

This is not going to last. This will last. This should not last. This will last.

I'm going away. Nowhere to go nowhere to go nowhere to go

can rip my chest open and breathe open air. My legs are shaking because they want to MOVE and my eyes hurt, I'm squinting because I'm tired of looking at the same old shit. I sit in my wretched classes filling out worksheets and coloring books and I marvel to myself, would I be a better person if I respected my peers, if I could look up to them and their creativity, their style, the way they love themselves and each other? I would very much like to be elsewhere. I would very much like to meet beautiful, beautiful people and hug and kiss and scream and dance and LAUGH

oh, how I want to leave.

I'm also slightly ticked off at how my fellow musicians read notes like notes because they're not just notes they're instructions for art. so can we please treat it like so, with a little more heart and a little more soul. I'm tired of everyone putting me on a pedestal, claiming I'm so fucking great because I really, really, am not.

sunday, twenty evening.

I WANT. TO LIVE. ALONE.

I want to buy my own silverware. I want to go to Target whenever I want. I want to play my acoustic guitar at 3 am [if I please]. I want to eat meals at ten pm in an overstuffed chair of my choosing. I want to listen to music in the shower. I WANT TO SLEEP WITH SOMEONE IN MY BED. not a fuck, no not a fuck, just a sleep. a nap. I want to walk around my apartment and not have to cover up my tears because it's MY home. I want to type novels without constant interruptions. I want a change of pace. I want a different zip code, I want a change of heart, I want everything I don't have and I want I want I want I want oh I just want you.

we haven't talked in
weeks but really its been
days and
there's so much I have not
said what have you not
said SPEAK you sound like
roses

I'll bet you taste like chocolate.
I am. I am I am, I am.
running out of time,
Stephanie

friday, twenty-three evening

sometimes I am so beautiful
I am so beautiful I cannot stop staring
my hair falls perfectly into
my face, clear as the night
my eyes, bright as the sun
my lips, light as my tongue
sometimes
I am so beautiful I can't even think about
letting. you. down.

and by you I mean everybody
and by everybody
I mean myself.

I feel so beautiful, somebody pinch me.

Saturday, fifteen afternoon

I don't want to drink, and I don't want to do drugs, but I don't think I want to be straight-edge anymore. Exactly why do I need this bad-ass punk rock title enforcing

my beliefs and ideologies? I used to love the culture & spirit, but ever since seventh graders started proclaiming their edge and my mentors broke down in a series of glam rock events I can't find much meaning in it anymore. Every time I "admit" to my association with sxe I put on

a pained smile and an apologetic tone. I hate that! The community is too full of republican anarchists in bandanas and Atreyu shirts ostracizing anyone combating their sobriety, anyway. I don't need them. In fact, I'm starting to see myself drinking in the future. I could never see that before.

Hmm.

I suppose I'll be letting a lot of people down by announcing this, as so many have been affected by the choices I make.

I am attending Berklee this summer, four whole days of Let's Play Grown-Up. I'm estatic. Really, I am. I'll leave there missing real life about a million times more.

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Sunday thIrteen afternoon

What does this all mean? Tell me, because I swear I am fucking dying to know. We're obviously both perfectionists at our craft [of refusing to welcome people and mixing our signals] which is going to make this particularly painful for a while. So have a good week while I sit clicking refresh on my emails and pretending you're watching me during the dry dreary days. I hope that when I see you in five days you say hi and tell me you'd love to stay and chat but you have more important people to see and listen to

Cmon. let me down again.

And you know what? I don't even care that you think I pushed you away today because YOU made me think YOU pushed ME away and now I hate this again.

fourteen afternoon

You never let me down.
I let myself down, I let you down.
I know this. I do.

I'm sorry.

Now all I need is a melody.
Doubtful I'll be able to findddd one.

Things That I Like

A train's leaving the station just south of the wharf
It's muddy black railway sprinting west of the shore
With fluorescent lights and vinyl seating so worn
It's gray it is winter the earth couldn't blur into more.

There's a car with its roof off speeding down towards the sun
A couple's entwined in the back and one's laughing up front
They pull to the shoulder, "do you need to be picked up?"
I sigh, "no," and compare us; we used to be so in love.

Orange bottles are clanking and crying lips are smiling
Dry eyes are laughing, boys and girls women men are colliding
Tired lonely and angry, making the future exciting
Rich broken bodies helping the dying.

Now outside wall-y windows are busy streets and tall buildings
The Electric Lady is visible from where I am sitting
With a tall bearded man who I'd like to be kissing
But I love loving his voice and hearing him talking.

So the guitar and my mic make a spine-bending roar
My eyes shoot out tempos, my heart's snapping in four
There's too much to explore & THIS AINT BEEN DONE BEFORE
Oh, the life I adore.

1 – Stephanie Carling.
It doesn't even feel right
Writing that name.